

The NATURE and FITNESS of Things;

g. Peckham vol. 40.
OR, THE

3

Perfections of GOD,

A STANDING RULE

To try all *Doctrines* and *Experience* by:

IN A

P O E M

Humbly offered to the Consideration of

Mr. JOHN WESLEY, and his Followers.

With other OCCASIONAL POEMS.

*If the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, then
follow him. 1 Kings xviii. 21.*

“What are those Gods whom Folly seigns,

“Those Creatures of distemper’d Brains?

“What are those Dunghill Gods before

“The mighty God whom I adore?”

PENITENTIAL CRIES, p. 49.

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Perfections of God

A. STANLEY RUSSELL

Author of "The Perfections of God"

Published by E. M. Loomis

100 North 1st Street, New York

With 100 Illustrations



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T O T H E

R E A D E R.

WHILST the Arminians are under those mistaken Notions, both as to God and themselves, it is no Wonder to hear them making use of such Expressions as these: Make your Peace with God; Make him your Friend; Secure his Love and Eternal Happiness to yourselves; Get Grace; Get Faith; Make and keep Covenant; Get an Interest in Christ; Every one make clean his own Heart; With much more of this Stamp, which, at best, is but bidding the dead Man take Care of the Cart; imagining, that the Creature Man is endowed with excellent Qualifications, capable of chusing and acting in such a Manner as to move the first Mover, from a Love of Pity and Good-Will (as they term it) to a Love of Complacency and Delight; and that they, for their useles Services, are to be rewarded with eternal Life hereafter; without considering, either the Principle from whence, or End of their

their nick-named good Works; overlooking or misapplying those Texts of Scripture, that speak of Man as he comes into the World in a carnal State; at Enmity to God; bent to back-sliding; altogether unprofitable; all gone out of the Way; filthy and unclean; the Imagination of his Heart continually evil; not one that doth good, &c.

What is more common in their Mouths than the Nature and Fitness of Things; but how to make it out is the Difficulty; if they are wrong in their first setting out, where will they end? the farther they go, the farther they are from the Point; which generally ends in Contempt of those Truths, that in a Day of Trial will appear glorious.

Noah's Neighbours very probably might have the same Ideas of his Opinion of the Deluge and his Ark, which he was pinning together (as these have of Salvation by Grace alone) but when the Water came up to their Chins, they could not then think he had been only dreaming for 120 Years.

Whoever seeks Relief under the Horrors of a guilty Conscience from his own Performances, will find no more Satisfaction there, than the Papist in the like Case, when he looks to a Box full of the Bones of a Saint departed. But,

To

To him that sees the Depravity of his own Nature, there is a glorious Harmony and Fitness in the Scheme of absolute Sovereign and Unconditional Grace, which is worthy of Divine Wisdom for its Founder, as the more excellent Way. Those Words of our Lord, I give unto them Eternal Life, and they shall never perish, John x. 28. compared with 1 John v. 11. carry more solid Comfort and Certainty in them, than all the uncovenanted Mercies of God, dependant on the Acts of the Creature, talked on by Mr. Wesley: What is all he has advanced in his inconsistent Piece against the final Perseverance of the Saints, to that of the sure Mercies of David, Isa. lv. 3. compared with Acts xiii. 34. What better Fitness than Eyes for the Blind, Ears for the Deaf, Strength for the Weak, and Life for dead Sinners; Mercy and Truth meet together here, Righteousness and Peace kiss each other; Justice is satisfied, Mercy is extended, and the Sinner eternally saved.

We conclude it is unfit, and therefore highly unreasonable to affirm, that any shall eternally perish for not believing Christ their Covenant-Head, Surety, Saviour, &c. or for not putting that Grace into Exercise, which the Supreme never gave them (For all Men have not Faith, 2 Thess. iii. 2. That Christ is exalted to give to as many as the Lord

Lord our God shall call) but for their Offences committed against the Moral Law. I might have brought a Cloud of Witnesses from Scripture, in the Margent, and enlarged the Poem with many Things of this Kind, but hope this will induce some abler Hand, who has more Leisure, to a larger Work of this Sort.

In my lightly treating the Ideas some form of an Object of Worship, with Reverence to the only wise God, it is lawful to set at naught all others, or false Ideas which are dishonourable to him: If this is called an Error in me, I hope I can prove myself in good Company, the Prophet Elijah having to do with much such a Set of People, us'd Language to the same Import.

If any on the opposite Side should take upon them to reply to this, it is to be hoped they will make some Acknowledgment concerning the Object of their Adoration, whether he is or is not Infinite in all his Divine Perfections, and such an Answer shall be duly attended to. Farewell.



T H E
Nature *and* Fitnefs
O F
T H I N G S, &c.

HEN Truth's attack'd by daring
Duty obliges to oppose, [Foes,
Since many Errors now abound,
And Vice is spread the Nation round.

Shall *Wesley* sow his hurtful Tares,
Or scatter round a thousand Snares ;
Telling how God from Wrath may turn,
And love the Soul he thought to burn ;
And how, again, his Mind may move
To hate, where he has vow'd to love :
How all Mankind he fain would save,
Yet longs for what he cannot have ;
Who looks for Fruit from every one,
Where he no Seeds of Grace hath sown,

Expecting

Expecting Thorns and Thistles might
Yield Grapes and Figs to his Delight ;
Industrious thus to sound abroad
A disappointed, changing God.

Thus he beguiles his num'rous Train,
Who fondly hug the tiresome Chain ;
But while those treach'rous Paths they tread,
Their Money's spent for Husks, not Bread :
Vain is their Hope, their Strength is spent,
For what will yield them no Content.
Yet of their Doings fondly boast ;
This Sister's perfect, *That* almost.
Sure their Perfection must sound odd,
Who worship an imperfect God :
Can Hell more strong Delusions find,
Or *Rome* impose upon Mankind ?

O Bigotry ! distracting Thought !
What Ills hast thou on Mankind brought ?
Thy Pow'r is seen in Church and State,
Thine's foolish Love, and furious Hate,
These two Extremes are always seen,
Nor Moderation steps between :
Where will thy strange Contentions end,
Thou Reason's Foe, Sedition's Friend ?
Who can thy Captive-Slaves restore ?
When wilt thou die, and rise no more ?

While

While we attempt thy Bands in vain,
 There's none but God can break thy Chain,
 Who hast thy Tens of Thousands slain.
 We long those peaceful Days to see,
 When he shall rise and scatter thee.

Now rouse from sleepy Sloth my Pen,
 Be Truth thy Theme, sit loose from Men;
 Bold in thy Maker's Cause appear,
 Let Furies rage, or Critics sneer:
Arminian Faction first survey,
 The growing Evil of the Day;
 Where Man's extoll'd in Power and Skill,
 And God subservient to his Will:
 Such boast they've Reason for their Guide,
 And how Things fit on ev'ry Side;
 In their own Eyes their Ways seem right:
 But let us bring them to the Light;
 There search them out, that all may see
 What Name for such will best agree,
 Though many different Sorts we find,
 'Tis two determines all Mankind.
 He that a Sovereign God obeys,
 And through a Mediator prays,
 If Hell oppose, or Men blaspheme,
Christian shall stand his proper Name:
 But he who owns no God at all,
 At present we will *Atheist* call.

What shall I say, O stupid, blind!
 Who hold Christ *ransom'd* all Mankind;
 Yet some are lost for whom he dy'd;
 Pray how was *Wisdom* here employ'd?
 But some to set this Matter clear,
 Dispense with God's Foreknowledge here;
 Such say, He can't know certainly,
 Who would, or who would not, comply,
 Because the Creature here acts free,
 And *this* might not, or *that* might be.

But while they boast they've Power at Ease,
 To do, or not, just as they please;
 Still one of these must surely hit,
 If do a Thing they can't omit;
 And if they're free in doing one,
 The other's surely let alone;
 And God did certainly foreknow,
 That they'd omit, and *this* they'd do;
 He views the Rise and End of Things,
 From Sparrows up to pompous Kings;
 The Death of Christ we plainly find
 Fell out as was before design'd.

Thy Seed to *Abra'm* God declares,
 Shall serve within a Land not theirs;
 And whom they serve shall use them ill,
 Whilst they four hundred Years fulfill;

Then

(II)

Then will he judge their great Offence,
And, with much Treasure, bring thine thence;
And thou in Peace shall quit this Stage,
Be buried in a good old Age.

Can any one his Prescience doubt,
Who reads how every Case fell out?

They may their Random Scheme advance,
And talk of Things that fall by Chance;
But after all I'd have them know,
With the Supreme it can't be so.

To solve the Point let this suffice;
If Things from his omniscient Eyes
Lie hid, that shall To-morrow be,
All that's To-day he cannot see:
For then To-morrow he'll know more;
So can't be what he was before.

Redeem'd by Blood, yet sent to Hell,
Strange to conceive, and strange to tell!
Dare Satan vie with him for Might,
Or can he rob him of his Right?
Did he so far with Man prevail,
To make his first Intentions fail;
And sink his Workmanship to nought,
Had he not had a second Thought.

How comes it that his Will is crost,
 Would have all sav'd, yet some are lost ?
 Can Disappointments thus commence
 With him who is Omnipotence ?
 If such a Case should e'er fall out,
 'Tis Want of *Power* in him no doubt.

Some turn to us, and thus reply,
 You often say, God cannot die,
 Nor yet his Promise falsify :
 Hence they conclude, and basely too,
 There's Things above his Power to do.

Thus they reverse the Argument,
 Put Weakness for Omnipotent :
 'Twould prove him weak should this prevail,
 No Need of Power to err or fail ;
 Errors to sinful Worms belong,
 Because they're weak, not 'cause they're strong.

Did *Jesus* bleed and suffer Scorn,
 For all that was and should be born ?
 Sure *Justice* could not here do well,
 To make him smart for those in Hell ;
 And still in Torment such detain,
 To make them pay that Debt again :
 If so, 'tis obvious to each View,
 One of these two must needs be true ;

That

That Justice is unjust become,
Or *Christ* has poorly paid for some.

If Creatures Heaven in Part obtain,
Mercy for helpless Souls is vain :
Mercy and Merit can't unite,
For one must flee the other's Sight :
For, if Salvation's of the Lord,
The Creature can no Help afford ;
If they in this great Work have Share,
How many Saviours then are there ;
And if a Saviour's not alone,
Surely in fact there can be none.

If Men may fail and come to nought,
Where efficacious *Grace* is wrought,
This Gift must be imperfect then,
And hurtful to the Souls of Men.
Who can maintain that God is just,
Or in his Grace put all their Trust ?
Or is the Case determin'd by
The Creature's Acts of Piety :
Then why to Grace such Trophies raise ?
My well-disposed Self take Praise.

If God don't love till Man begins
To know himself, or loth his Sins,
How comes blind Man himself to know,
Or whence doth his Repentance flow ?

Is't

Is't from himself, or from Above ;
The Effect of Fear, or that of Love ?

John the Beloved puts it thus,
We love, because he first lov'd us.

But some proud Boaster here will say,
If Love, 'tis in a different Way,
'Twill much increase as I obey ;
And when I from my Duty fall,
He loves me less, or not at all.

Such Love as this must needs discover
Great Imperfection in the Lover ;
Mov'd by the Creature's wavering,
Like and dislike the self-same thing :
Such Thoughts as these are far below
The God my Soul desires to know.
Were not my future Crimes foreseen,
When mighty Grace stept in between ?
I was but Dust he new full well,
And could do nothing but rebel ;
That should not hinder his Design,
Whose Love's the same, and can't decline :
'Twas Love begun, and shall proceed ;
He will not break the bruised Reed.

If once belov'd, such ever shall,
A changing God's no God at all.

In *Nineveh* of old we find

He chang'd Affairs, not chang'd his Mind :

To will a Change, or change his Will,

Differ as much as Good and Ill.

If in his Love he should decline,

Where does his Power and Goodness shine ?

If he from Good to Better grow,

He can't eternally be so ;

Should Infinite be laid aside,

Or one Perfection be denied,

Who could the Christians Cause maintain ?

Or who could Right from Wrong explain ?

If mutable, unwise, and weak,

Such Worship's false, and all's to seek.

Should I their changing God address,

What Ground have I to hope Success ?

How can I pray to suit his Mind,

Who turns and wavers as the Wind ?

For what To-day he may approve,

Perhaps To-morrow's lost his Love.

Should he be talking, how can I

Expect he'll hearken to my Cry ;

Or, if pursuing, then I doubt

He'er shall find his Winding out ;

On a Journey, then I fear

He cannot at a Distance hear ;

And if I call aloud, I may

In Love great Offence another Way :

Perhaps

Perhaps in Sleep he's clos'd his Eyes,
 And will be touchy if he rise :
 How can my Soul direct her Pray'r,
 Who knows not how, nor when, nor where.
 This and the Heathens God's the same,
 They differ nothing but in Name.

A Log of Wood may serve as well,
 And of the two he must excell :
 Where'er I set him, there he stands,
 Nor need I fear his Eyes or Hands:
 He ne'er exerts his Power in vain,
 Nor loves and hates, and loves again ;
 Whate'er he knew he ne'er forgot ;
 Admits no Error, changes not :
 Whene'er he speaks he is obey'd,
 Nor can his Councils be betray'd :
 Nor Disappointments vex his Head,
 Performs whate'er he promised ;
 None of his Right e'er him bereav'd,
 Cannot deceive, nor be deceiv'd.

Are these the Men who boast their Scheme,
 Shall put Good Works in high Esteem ;
 Then Man's Free-agency extol,
 How Wise, how Great, and Good withal ;
 He's free to chuse, or Good or Ill,
 Nor dreams a Bias on his Will :

The Doctrines of Free Grace abuse,
 And such reproachful Language use.
 Was I an Object of this Choice,
 I'd give a Loofe to ev'ry Vice :
 For those who hold it often fay,
 He can't refuse or put away.
 Why need I read, or pray, or fast,
 If 'twon't secure me Heaven at last :
 Hence all Religion from my Sight,
 If I can't be a Gainer by't ;
 A lasting Argument to prove
 Such Strangers to constraining Love.

Ask them the Way to Rest and Bliss,
 Good Works, they tell, you cannot miss ;
 This is the All they have to bring,
 They know the Name, but not the Thing.

How mercenary is their End,
 While they to Holiness pretend ?
 They think they're Good, if they refrain
 From Sin because of future Pain :
 As though th'Eternal does approve
 Works better done from Fear than Love.
 If all they do's through Fear of Hell,
 If they're good Works, they're not done well.
 Is this the End of all their Toil ?
 Where's their Obedience all this while ?

D

Their

Their System's Right they'd have us know ;
 'Tis Reason, Reason tells them so :
 Reason shall guide them on their Way,
 And all their Actions rightly sway.
 They tell us, they've a Right to chuse,
 This their Familiar, that refuse ;
 This they'll exalt, while that lies low :
 But God's unjust if he does so.
 Sure these from Reason's Path must stray,
 Or who is Sovereign God, or they ?
 All Creatures here they will destroy,
 For foolish Sport and Luxury ;
 But God his Promise must out-do,
 Or he's unwise and cruel too :
 For no such Promise I can find,
 As special Grace to all Mankind.

They tell us, All ingross his Care,
 Alike his Love and Mercy share ;
 And all alike shall have fair Play,
 To save or cast their Souls away.

Is this the Case, I fain would know,
 How they account for Things below ?
 Why one shall to a Sceptre rise,
That on a Dunghill lives and dies ;
 Why *this* shall fill a Chair of State,
 While *that* shall suffer Scorn and Hate ;

Why

now ;

Why one in Health and Vigour plays,
 Another groans out all his Days ;
 Why one shall live an ancient Sire,
 And that in tender Years expire ;
 Why one is penetrating wise,
 While there a grov'ling Ideot lies.
 Then, next, why Tempers disagree,
 Why some reserv'd, and some more free ;
 Some Heat of Passion seldom know,
 And some are almost always so ;
 Why some enjoy their native Isle,
 And other's languish in Exile ;
 Why Gospel Light is *Britain's* Lot,
 And the wild *Indians* hear it not,

Does Man's Salvation then depend
 On what's his own to recommend ?
 Is't in th'Endowments of the Mind ?
 Then why are all to Vice inclin'd ?
 Why all who would this Blessing gain,
 Are sure to will and run in vain ?
 Old *Isaac's* Will to *Esau's* bent,
 And *Esau's* Will's as much intent ;
Rebecca's Will to *Jacob* turns,
 And *Jacob's* Will as eager burns :
Esau must hunt the Fields with Care,
 And hopes to meet the Blessing there ;

Why

Jacob those Measures would forbid,
 And runs to gain it with a Kid:
 They will at Home, those run Abroad,
 But yet the Blessing's all of God,
 Who 'as Power to save alive or kill,
 And will have Mercy where he will:
 Some he'll give up to their Heart's Lust,
 And in so doing still be just.
 This awful Truth they cannot see,
 But call't a *horrible Decree*;
 And this Conclusion farther draw,
 God Sovereign acts *the Devil's Law*.

Blush, *Wesley*, blush, be fill'd with Shame!
 Doom thy vile Poem to the Flame:
 What Tongue thy horrid Crime can tell?
 Put Saints to sing the Song of Hell!
 Haste hence to *Rome*, thy proper Place;
 Why should we share in thy Disgrace?
 We need no greater Proof to see
 Thy Blasphemies with theirs agree.

What Soul to Hell for nought is sent?
 Is Preterition Punishment?
 Sure Sin's the Cause, not passing by,
 Why any shall in Torment lie:
 If such as Children weren't foreknown,
 He'll not deny them what's their own.

Does

Does he incline their Hearts to Vice,
 Or do they freely sin by Choice?
 Is he unjust in letting thee
 Abuse, defame his wife Decree?
 No, rather say'ts their Happiness
 Who are restrain'd from this Excess:
 Shew me where he his Promise fails,
 Before thy Blasphemy prevails?

If these can't with thy Judgment square,
 God's Ways are equal, leave it there:
 Reason is lost in shewing why,
 'Tis only solv'd in *Sov'reignty*.
 So he will Grace on some bestow,
 And this is Reason good to know,
 It is his Will it should be so.

Now their destructive Poison flee,
 Pity their Infidelity;
 Adore that Hand whose Power can raise,
 Dead thoughtless Worms to speak his Praise.

What Mortal's Tongue can sound Abroad,
 This great *I AM*, the Mighty God,
 Whose Works and Word aloud proclaim
 The great Perfections of his Name:
 Essence One, in Persons Three,
 The glorious great Immenfity.

Ten thousand thousand Thoughts may rise,
 In Faith-transporting Ecstacies ;
 Anon I'm to this Period brought,
 He is what Mortals never thought :
 Then why should I attempt to show
 What finite Dust shall never know.

Can Bands of Angels tell us how
 He dwells in his Eternal Now ?
 Time can't that glorious State compare,
 Past and to come are present there ;
 All Things at once appear in View,
 To him there's nothing old or new.

This is the Christian's God and Guide,
 Whence all his Wants are well supplied :
 When Faith leads on to Things unseen,
 Nor Clouds nor Billows roll between,
 His Foot with Gospel-Truths being shod,
 Moves swiftly on to worship God ;
 To him alone he pays his Vow,
 He 'as no Reserves for *Rimmon* now :
 He with the Psalmist makes his Boasts,
 And triumphs in the Lord of Hosts.
 O! how I love thy Law, he cries,
 And runs his Race with sweet Surprise.
 Fear cannot drive, as Love can draw,
 To do Obedience to the Law :

Was future Torments done away,
The Soul would equally obey.

If in the Furnace he is try'd,
Wisdom itself for him's employ'd :
Nothing shall 'scape the piercing Eye
Of his Refiner sitting by,
Whose tender *Love* shall then appear,
Nor will he search him too severe ;
What's for his Good he there shall find,
And leave his Dross and Tin behind.

If he for Bread or Water cry,
His God shall bring him quick Supply ;
The barren Wilderness shall yield
Provision, as a fruitful Field :
At his Command the Rocks obey,
And send their gliding Streams away.
Why need he doubt his daily Bread,
Who oft by Ravens has been fed ?
For God his Promise will fulfil,
The Earth shall help the Woman still.
Thus, if by Want or Pain oppress'd,
He'll praise his God, and say 'tis best ;
Calm in his Soul, he's led to see,
Twas not without an *If need be*.

If persecuted, still supply'd ;
Or if cast down, he's not destroy'd :

He

He hopes through Fear, joys in Distress,
 Depending then on *Faithfulness*.
 Whate'er he meets with in the Way,
 Strength is proportion'd to his Day;
 If he perceives Corruptions rise,
 The Tempter rage, and Hell surprize,
 Or when to Good he is inclin'd,
 And to perform he cannot find,
 Yet ancient *Love* the same abides,
 Although his Countenance he hides :
 He shall not fail his Course to run,
 Grace shall complete the Work begun.
 If dismal Horror spread him round,
 'Tis *Grace* not Sin shall superabound ;
 To God his Case he recommends,
 And on his mighty Power depends :
 Purge me, he cries, from secret Sin,
 Subdue those *Canaanites* within :
 If Weeping for a Night endure,
 The Morning Light shall Joy procure ;
 His Countenance he'll soon display,
 And chase these gloomy Fogs away :
 His Soul shall then be lead to trace
 The Wonders of redeeming Grace ;
 Love fills his Heart, and tunes his Lays,
 His Sighs are turn'd to Songs of Praise.
 In humble Raptures how he's lead,
 To talk of Christ his living Bread.

Though

Though long my Foot has gone astray,
 And wander'd in a doubtful Way,
 Beneath a Load of Guilt and Sin,
 Oppress'd without, distress'd within ;
 Now have I dragg'd the captive Chain !
 Look'd to the Hills, and look'd again,
 Built on the Sands, and built in vain.
 He comes, he comes, and sets me free,
 That was blind am made to see ;
 By Nature lost, by Grace I'm found,
 And Christ receives me safe and sound :
 He is my glorious Head of Grace,
 My *Hope*, my *Trust*, my *Dwelling-place* :
 He is my Helper in Distress,
 My sure *Foundation*, *Righteousness*.
 If the sharp Beam of Trouble spread
 In scorching Rays about my Head,
 He is my *Rock*, whose Shade supplies
 With cooling Breaths, and sooths my Cries :
 His *Strength* in Weakness does appear,
 His *Light* through Darkness shines most clear ;
 His *Wisdom* o'er my Folly reigns,
 What I know not he well explains :
 My naked Soul he then supplies,
 And I am comely in his Eyes :
 He is my *Bread* that shall endure
 Where everlasting *Streams* are sure ;
 He'll not his Handy-work decline,
 I'm his Belov'd, and he is mine ;

Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of his Bone ;
 As Head and Member, we are one ;
 Inseparable, ne'er to part,
 I have his Love, and he my Heart :
 His Name I'll praise, and ever shall,
 My Great, my everlasting All.
 What richer Gifts can Worms possess ?
 I need no more, nor can have less.
 My *Prophet* here to make me wise ;
 My *Priest*, to offer Sacrifice ;
 My *King*, to whom I'll Homage pay,
 Who does a righteous Sceptre sway ;
 My *Shepherd*, who my Soul maintains,
 And leads to peaceful fertile Plains ;
 His watchful Eye, and tender Care,
 Shall guard me round, and feed me there.
 My Bridegroom, who pronounces me
 Comely and fair to th' last Degree ;
 Brought to the *Church*, my Mother's House,
 He calls me his beloved Spouse ;
 Puts his left Hand beneath my Head,
 While round about his Right is laid.
 Securely bless'd in him I dwell,
 Can triumph over Death and Hell.
 If for a Time he should forbear
 To let me read his Love and Care,
 Then I grow faint and drowsy too,
 And spot my Garment through and through ;
 To my Complaint I hear him say,
 My Soul still hates to put away :

Then, then I know, what 'tis to find
 Submission and a Willing-Mind.
 He in my Stead my Surety stands,
 Confirm'd by everlasting Bands;
 This he engag'd e'er Time begun,
 To pay the Debts that I should run ;
 Most fitly qualify'd to do
 The Work he was assign'd unto.
 Pass'd through the World in mean Degree ;
 Through Hunger, Grief, and Poverty ;
 Firm as a Flint his Face was set,
 When with the armed Band he met ;
 Whom seek ye, said he, is it me ?
 If so, then these must all go free ;
 O! to behold his bending Head,
 And hear him say *'tis finished* ;
 How this excites my Soul to praise,
 To love and serve him all my Days,
 If Troubles rise and grieve me sore,
 My elder *Brother's* gone before ;
 Who's not regardless of my Cries,
 And well knows how to sympathize :
 Besides, he is my chiefest *Friend* ;
 For whom he loves, he loves to th'End ;
 If Sin is prevalent in me,
 No Spot, no Wrinkle, he can see ;
 For when it draws me to comply,
 He bids me say, *'Tis no more I,*

Who in this mix'd imperfect State,
 Oft do the very Things I hate.
 Sin in his own he can't approve,
 That has his Hate, and I his Love :
 Behind his Back they are all hurl'd,
 He'll save my Soul, or sink a World,

 If all my Foes in one combine,
 My *Captain* will not me decline ;
 My Sword and Shield can never fail,
 And in his Strength I shall prevail :
 While he exalts his Banner high,
 All my Opposers yield or fly.

 He's the *Physician* of my Soul,
 Rebukes my Sicknefs, makes me whole.

 Who can my happy State declare,
 Beneath a tender *Father's* Care,
 Who'll not neglect when I complain,
 And does my Soul in Health maintain ;
 Yea, e'er I speak, my Case he knows,
 And what's most needful he bestows :
 If I backslide, or go astray,
 He calls, and sets me on my Way ;
Return to me thy Dwelling-place,
Return, return, I'll thee embrace.
 My willing Soul, then touch'd with Love,
 Swift as the Chariot-wheels do move,

 He is my *Pilot* on the Deep,
 And does my Soul in Safety keep ;

If on the Brink of Ruin tost,
 I may be wreck'd, but can't be lost;
 My quick Deliverance shall come,
 He stills the Seas, or wafts me home,

If my last Minutes dull should move,
 And he withdraw that quickening Love;

Or gloomy Scenes should overspread,
 And in the Dark I'm put to Bed,

I've had the Earnest heretofore,
 And heard him tell of Joys in Store,
 Where Pleasures dwell for evermore;

My Saviour will attend me here,
 Faith and Sense do not appear;

Internal Arms shall raise me high,
 Where I shall dwell for ever nigh;

I drop all my Sorrows and Complaints,
 And join the Thousands of his Saints.

Till Wisdom err, or Grace shall fail,
 Or Falacy for Truth prevail;

Justice unjust, or Wrong prove Right,
 Or Weakness stand for Power and Might;

Till then the Saint his God shall bless,
 And joy in Christ his Righteousness.

Let Zion's Sons their King proclaim,
 And sing how glorious is his Name!

Be this their Theme; O! boundless Grace,
 How well it fits my sinful Case!

Arminians now their Scheme may prize,
 And boast of new Discoveries;

Things

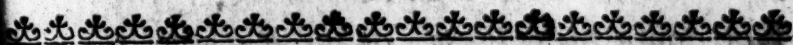
Things in their Natures This and That,
 And strain at what they can't come at:
 What better Fitness can they find
 Than Life and Light for Dead and Blind,
 That all for whom a Saviour dy'd,
 Shall from his Fulness be supply'd.

I might enlarge, but am confin'd,
 The Press forbids what I design'd;
 This must suffice instead of more,
 To shew, as was observ'd before,
 Who doth the living God obey,
 Or who to helpless Idols pray.

Now to conclude, they're blest who know
 This living God rules all below,
 Who by each Providence displays
 Some deep Design in Wisdom's Ways;
 But for the Grace he does bestow,
 They praise the more, the more they know,
 Whilst others, wandering astray,
 Far short of God their Homage pay:
 Can those on mighty Power rely,
 Or providential Goodness eye?
 How can they pay that Debt they owe,
 Who know not whence their Mercies flow?
 No Wonder such to Errors run,
 Who know not God, abuse his Son.

My Soul, from all their Secrets flee;
 Far from their Bands mine Honour be;

Their murdering Hands my Lord would stay :
 For those for whom he'd never pray :
 God's great Salvation is made known,
 For Walls and Bulwarks round his own ;
 But, through Self-will, they'd fain erase
 The glorious Scheme of Sovereign Grace.



*Written at the Conclusion of a Letter to the Author's
 Honoured Father, wherein was an Account of the
 Death of his Son, an Infant, Five Years of Age.*

HE's done with all those transitory Things,
 Gone down to dwell with Potentates and
 Kings ;

Unactive Prisoners there together lie,
 Crowns are neglected Scepters are thrown by :
 What Diff'rence 'twixt this little Babe and they ?
 His tender Hands no more with Cockles play ;
 They from vexatious Schemings there have Rest ;
 Nor childish Play disturb his little Breast.

Fain would Affections range his Actions o'er,
 While pleasing Thoughts make Sorrow rise the
 more ;

I hush my Murm'rings, fain would not repine,
 Acknowledging my Duty's to resign.
 E'er I'm aware my Thoughts break loose again,
 Then Tears gush out and interrupt my Pen :

I curb my Passions, still they live and see
 For Leave to bid my dearest *John* adieu!
 Nought yields Relief, or sooths my troubled Breast
 'Till I can reach my Rock, my Hope, my Rest
 Then am I still confessing God is just,
 And has a Right to sentence all to Dust
 In all his Dealings then I acquiesce,
 Nor doubt his *Wisdom*, or his *Faithfulness*.

~~~~~  
 An EPI TAPH on his two Brother's, one  
 departed this Life at Eighteen, the other  
 Twenty-two Years of Age, both buried in one  
 Grave in Bedfordshire.

MIXT with the Dust beneath thine Eye,  
 Two Brothers, *John* and *Joseph*, lie:  
 A ling'ring Illness *John* confin'd,  
 'Till willingly his Soul resign'd.  
*Joseph*'s more shocking to our View,  
 Not having Time to bid adieu.

Reader, if thou by Faith canst see  
 That Jesus bled and died for thee;  
 If Death in dismal Form appear,  
 Thou hast no solid Ground for Fear,  
 Thou need'st not dread the Path to try,  
 As *John*, or *Joseph*, thou mayst die

F I N I S